

questions propounded by myself and published thru the EVANGELIST. (See EVANGELIST of September 27, page 5.)

It will be seen that the first brother who writes as referred to above, speaks in such clear, emphatic and unmistakable language that one must conclude that he sees his way clear; but unfortunately the other speaks in such decidedly evasive terms that one must see that he, like the Israelites, must be entangled in the wilderness and can't see his way out.

Brother Brown so clearly expressed my sentiments in his notice of the critics of my questions, that I regard it useless for me to say anything further now than to state that I used the term *legal* when speaking of the passover in the sense of its being lawful institution, and that it was according to the law of God for Christ to keep it, and to say to my dear Milford brother, that he will have to "sit down and laugh" a long time before language shall have changed so as to bring out another translation, let it be ever so scholarly, that will clear away all the difficulties that cluster around his position. It must needs be scholarly enough to set aside all the current ones, the R. V. not excepted, as we may see hereafter. "The first must be taken away before the second can be established." So it must first be shown that Christ did not mean what he said about keeping the passover. See Matt. 26: 18 21, Mark 14: 12 18 and Luke 22: 7 21 before it can be proven that he ate a supper separate from the passover. I believe he did both, i. e., ate of the passover and in connection, something to inaugurate a supper to be perpetuated under the gospel dispensation. Here is where he takes the "new cloth from the old garment." Here is where he puts the "new wine into the new bottles," and a few hours later he nails the old garments and the old bottles to the cross, and washes the new with his precious blood and hands them white and clean to his disciples to be used and kept white and clean until he comes to celebrate the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Berne, Ind.

Home Circle

A Matter of Taste

Presbyterian.

If women only knew it, they waste a great deal of strength by undue expenditure of emotion on small occasions. Part of the training of our young girls should be along lines of self-repression, in the way of the quiet manner, the restrained speech, the tranquil expression of face, and the reposeful carriage of the body. A young husband, accustomed to the calm gentleness of a mother who might easily have been mistaken for a Friend, so silent and dignified was her fortitude in the presence of disasters, so equal was she to every emergency, was shocked and alarmed, not long ago, to find his idolized wife almost thrown into convulsions by a household catastrophe of some sort—something not more dreadful than the breaking of

a cherished bit of china. The girl wife came of a family whose custom it was to express themselves volubly, and to fly into frantic states of mind when there was apparently little reason for vehemence.

Apart from the lack of good taste here displayed, woman often wear themselves out by too lavish a display of feeling. One may feel acutely without tearing passion to tatters, and it would be wise for mothers to inculcate on growing children a wholesome self-restraint.

Send Them To Bed With a Kiss

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!
The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right;
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morn until night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.
For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children voices,
For a sweet childish face at the door,
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this,
For the comfort 'twill give you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

—New Orleans Picayune.

Wanted—A Girl

Youth's Companion

Yes, wanted, a girl!—a daughter, in thousands of homes, bright, smiling, helpful, always ready to hold the baby, set the table, or sweep the floor, and to do these things so happily and cheerfully and well, that the baby will crow, the table will look like a well-balanced picture, and careful, critical grandmother will find no dust under the chairs or in the corners of the room. Wanted! a loving daughter, the touch of whose caressing fingers brings a happy light to the weary eyes of father and mother, the sound of whose cheery voice and mellow laughter is a joy to the whole household. Where is there a home in which such a daughter is not wanted? Does any one know such a girl? There is a situation open for her. She is advertised for, sought for; she can have any place she wants; the world is hers, but why are there not more applicants? Ah, she is already occupied; she has a home which cannot give her up; she is enshrined in the hearts of father and mother; her brothers have bound her about with the cords of love, and will not let her go.

Those are sorrowing homes where she is not, for they have a lack which is hard to fill. Blessed be the daughter of the household. God comfort the home that has her not.

While the learned are fumbling to find the latch, the simple and poor have entered into the kingdom of heaven.—St. Augustine.

What Repentance Is

Selected.

A gentleman once asked a Sunday school what was meant by the word repentance. A little boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Being sorry for your sins," was the answer.

A little girl on the back seat raised her hand.

"Well, my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "it's being sorry enough to quit."

That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but not sorry enough to quit.

Katie's Saturday

Sunlight.

"Dear me!" sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning.

"What can be the matter?" said mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

"O, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, this time, seriously, "as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have your breakfast first," mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and as perhaps you are, too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a big piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of those things that trouble you. One thousand will do!"

"O mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma; "put down ten." So Katie wrote:

"1. It's gone and rained, so we can't play croquet.

"2. Minnie is going away, and I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday.

"3. —"

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then could not help laughing. "That's all I can think of just this minute," she said.

"Well," said her mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: "O mamma, I didn't like Jean at all at first, but she's a lovely seat